

Andover - History
II

I

Take a Walk
With My Memory.

by F. Tyler Carlton.
illustrated by
Dorothy F. Sanborn.

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Andover Room

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Carlton, F. Tyler

I take a walk with my memory.

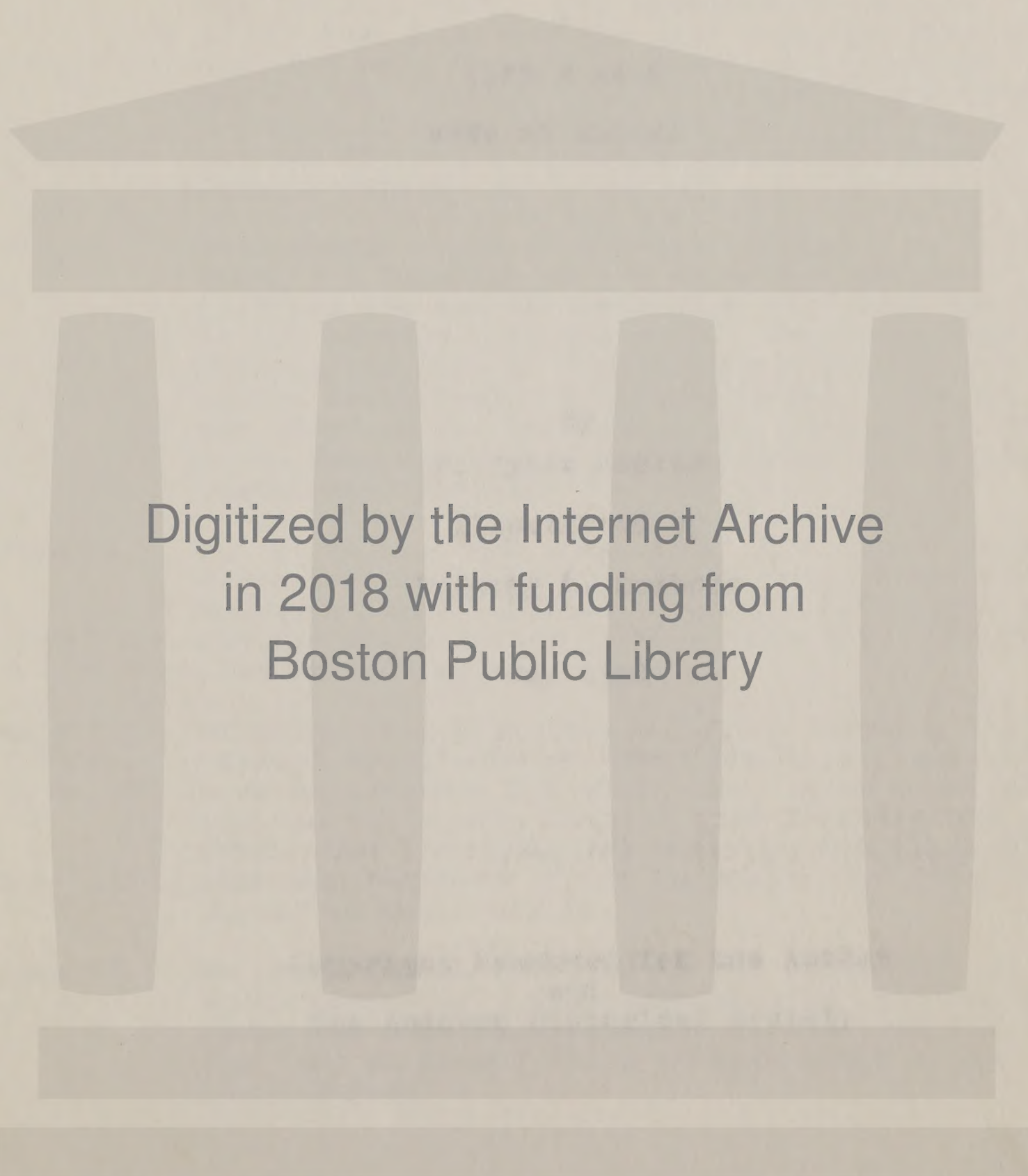
Memorial Hall Library

Andover, Mass. 01810

475-6960

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Andover Room

ILLUSTRATED BY

917.445

car

Plate I - **MAIN SQUARE - c. 1905.** The old town square is the centennial monument, surrounded on three sides by the A.V.I.S. wall. I have shown the wall was close to the far side, and the view into the view of the monument of crescent wall. **TAKE A WALK** between the library and the horsechestnut tree at the head of the road of the Baptist Church, and to the left a view down the road to the Central Street. The old town square is the old town square, and the view is a view of the old town square. **WITH MY MEMORY** the old town square is the old town square, and the view is a view of the old town square. **MAIN STREET** south of Chestnut Street - c. 1900.

Show the monument on the southeast corner of the intersection and the remaining wall that continues to the library. On the right, the field that was the old town square. The old town square is the old town square, and the view is a view of the old town square. **By** F. Tyler Carlton

Illustrated by

Plate II - **No. 97 MAIN STREET - c. 1900.** The Deacon Amos Blanchard house. Shows the old three-foot wall fence and the granite stone anchor post of the gate. The big monument is the old town square. **May 1961**

Plate III - **MEMORIAL HALL BUILDING - c. 1910.** Showing the older building with a gabled roof, heavier front entrance steps, the old iron cannon and shot, the "lemon squeezer" posts between the square granite ones flanking the crescent wall. The iron pedestal watering trough at the curb and branches of the horsechestnut tree at the corner of Essex Street.

Plate IV - **Copyright Reserved for the Author and The Andover Historical Society** We look at the south corner of the intersection of Phillips and Abbot Street. The old railroad which extends south along Abbot Street.

917.445 cataloged on 2/19/80

Andover House
R.
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I

WITH MY MEMORY
TAKE A WALK

By
R. Tyler Carlton
Illustrated by
Dorothy E. Sanborn

May 1961

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and
The Andover Historical Society

ILLUSTRATIONS

PREFACE

Plate I **ELM SQUARE - c. 1905.** The elm tree would be the centennial replant, surrounded on three sides by the A.V.I.S. seat. The streetcar track was close in to the far side, and the tree cuts off view of the president of crescent walk guarded by the "lemon squeezer" posts. Between the Library and the horsechestnut tree at the head of Essex Street, we see a glimpse of the Baptist Church, and to the left a view down Central Street. Miss Caroline Higgins, wife of Andover, she adopted it as her own, and strove to excite the rest of us to the rich heritage that MAIN STREET south of Chestnut Street - c. 1900.

Shows the tenement on the southeast corner of the intersection and the retaining wall that continues was the described by Dr. Abbot's. On the right, the field that Miss Emily C. Mr. Higgins used as a pasture and the Andrews house January 22, on the knoll behind the picket fence. Now we have will be the Coe's on the left and a gas station and the description of post office opposite. A dirt street was edged with posterity car cobblestone gutters. years ago I took up the idea and made some notes; this year I have tried to polish

Plate II **No. 97 MAIN STREET - c. 1940.** The Deacon Amos Blanchard house, home of the Andover Historical Society. Shows the old three-foot "X" fence and comparative granite stone anchor post of the gate. The big standard has elms gone now gone. So where I give dimensions, they are tempered with judgment as to what they Plate III **MEMORIAL WALL LIBRARY - c. 1910.** Showing the older mansard roof, heavier front entrance steps, the must depend on cast iron cannon and shot, the "lemon squeezer" posts between the square granite ones flanking the crescent walk. The iron pedestal watering trough at the curb and branches of the horsechestnut tree at the corner of Essex Street.

Plate IV **We leave you at the gate in the stone wall at the south corner of the intersection of Phillips and Abbot Streets. We are again on the location of the "old railroad" which extends south along Abbot Street.**

cataloged on 2/19/80

gift

ILLUSTRATIONS

Plate I

MAIN SQUARE - c. 1905. The elm tree would be the central point, surrounded on three sides by the A.V.I. east. The streetcar track was close to the far side, and the tree out of view of the crescent walk guarded by the "lamb spenser" gate. Between the library and the horseshoe trees at the head of Essex Street, we see a glimpse of the Baptist Church, and to the left a view down Central Street.

Plate II

MAIN STREET south of Chestnut Street - c. 1900. Shows the tenement on the southeast corner of the intersection and the retaining wall that continues by Dr. Abbot's. On the right, the field that Mr. Higgins used as a pasture and the Andrews house on the knoll behind the picket fence. Now we have the Co-op on the left and a gas station and the postoffice opposite. A dirt street was edged with cobblestone gutters.

Plate III

MEMORIAL HALL LIBRARY - c. 1910. Showing the older mansard roof, heavier front entrance steps, the east iron cannon and shot, the "lamb spenser" gate between the square granite ones flanking the crescent walk. The iron pedestal watering trough at the curb and branches of the horseshoe trees at the corner of Essex Street.

Plate IV

We leave you at the gate in the stone wall at the south corner of the intersection of Lillian and Abbot Streets. We are again on the location of the "old railroad" which extends south along Abbot Street.

02/01/28 no photo taken

High

PREFACE

In 1950, when I was elected to the position of president of the Andover Historical Society, I inherited Miss Caroline M. Underhill as Resident Director. A retired librarian, she greatly helped the Society in organizing and cataloging our collection, not to mention the many things that she gave us. Not a native of Andover, she adopted it as her own, and strove to excite the rest of us to the rich heritage that was ours.

One item of the collection that she valued highly was the description of Main Street in 1850, as written by Miss Emily Carter (clipping from the Andover Townsman of January 22, 1934.) She pleaded, "Someday Andover of today will be history. Won't someone (meaning me) write a description of the town as they do see or have seen it, that posterity can have it?" Several years ago I took up the idea and made some notes; this year I have tried to polish them off.

Fifty years is a long time to recall details. Comparative size my only means of measure, and my physical standard has changed with my age. So where I give dimensions, they are tempered with judgment as to what they must have been, not what they seemed. My physical limitations prohibit my drawing or sketching, and I needs must depend on words, and the art of others.

I present the following for what it is worth, and I hope for your enjoyment.

F. Tyler Carlton

SEP 1961

in 1920, when I was elected to the position of
President of the American Historical Association, I
was elected to the position of President of the
Association, and I have since that time been
convinced that the history of the country is
not only a record of the past, but a record of
the future. It is a record of the progress of
the human race, and it is a record of the
struggle for the betterment of the world.

The first of the collection that the various
libraries of the country have made is the
collection of the American Historical Association.
This collection is the largest and the most
valuable of the country. It is a record of
the progress of the human race, and it is a
record of the struggle for the betterment of
the world. It is a record of the past, and
it is a record of the future.

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of the past, and it is a record of the
future. It is a record of the progress of
the human race, and it is a record of the
struggle for the betterment of the world.

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of
your letter of the 10th inst.

W. J. F. F.

SEP 1921

I Take a Walk With My Memory

My earliest recollection of the Free Church on Elm Street must go back to 1908, as the cornerstone is dated 1907 and the church was dedicated the following summer. I was out walking with my mother and remember asking her why the workmen were taking down the scaffolding before they finished the steeple. To a small boy it seemed a church should have a tall pointed spire with a weathervane on top like our South Church or the Baptist Church.

As I turn toward the Square I note the spot where Campion's barn once stood - a little nearer the street than the Free Church wing, on the site now occupied by the telephone building. There used to be a large double house eight feet back from the sidewalk - it was torn down in 1949 - and then came Dr. Torrey's small white house, now moved well back behind the gas station. (The doctor's two sisters, the Misses Sadie and Emily, from whom I took piano lessons, lived at #2 Florence Street.) A fenced-in hayfield adjoined his lot before the days of Dantos' ten-foot block and, finally, beyond the hayfield was the Nickleodeon - "Wonderland!" Dark hole of iniquity, it was out of bounds for me and I never saw the inside of it, but it was, I believe, the first theatre in Andover to show the "flickers," predecessor of the "movies" and the "talkies."

Out Elm Street extended the single streetcar track that went to Lawrence via Wilson's Corner where it swung left down Den Rock Road, while the line from North Andover Center turned south along the Pike to Middleton and the North Shore. The Middleton Pike, or Route 114, as you may know, it, was one of the first concrete roadways. It was built as an experiment, different mixes and methods being used for the various sections. I well remember the eighteen-inch-wide signposts along the east side. They were painted white with red tops and each had the formula for that particular unit stencilled on it. Further down toward Middleton one can still see some of the old pavement, in use from forty to fifty years.

Back at Andover Square I cross the dirt road, tracks, and cobblestone gutter to the grassy bank and unpaved sidewalk in front of what is now the Square and Compass Club. It used to be the mud-brown Flint mansion in the days of its glory. Mr. John Flint was treasurer of the Tyer Rubber Company and president of the Andover Savings Bank. I do not recall Mr. Flint but I do remember the beautiful span of horses and the carriage that befitted a man of wealth. Some of you probably knew one of his daughters, Mrs. Nellie Rand, who lived on South Main Street just beyond "Fieldstones," and later on Morton Street. Mr. Rand managed the Andover Steam Laundry on Post Office Avenue until he was killed when his horse went under a tree branch too low for the rider.



Between High and Main Streets the Barnard house still looks out at the Square over the "Village Green." Except for the color, its outward appearance has changed little though what was "Slicky's" mansion has been made over into apartments. His is another old Andover family name that will pass into history save for the street south of the Town House where the Barnard Shoe Factory was located, for various pieces of real estate, and his son's business. The name is now borne only by his daughters-in-law.

But the Square has changed. The grass plot once sloped from High to Main Street without any brick memorial wall or symmetrical evergreen tree, just a grass plot from the dirt sidewalk of High Street down to the Barnards' driveway; there were a couple of park benches along High Street, a couple on the Green. There was no pavement on Main Street or elsewhere. In the middle of the Square I remember the big Elm Tree - not the one for which the Square is named, but a second one in the same location, called the "Centennial," I believe. About thirty inches in diameter, it stood almost opposite the north end of the Library's crescent walk. Before my day, perhaps about 1901, the Andover Village Improvement Society had built a seat around three sides. On the west side the trolley-car line ran so close that one could not pass between car and tree.

The Memorial Hall which housed the Public Library - there was then no children's wing on the north - had a semi-circular approach protected by an iron fence with four iron posts between each pair of square granite pillars that marked the two entrances. These posts, about eight inch in diameter, were not just cylindrical, but of a type that in their day must have been considered artistic. Words fail me to describe their many curves so I'll refer you to the nice sketch made by Mrs. Sanborn. As I never heard of even a fat person getting stuck between them, they must have been eighteen or twenty inches in the clear. As a child, though, I always thought of them as the "lemon squeezer" posts. Where did I get that phrase? Remember before you bought frozen lemon juice, even before you used an electric juicer, the old glass fluted cone with the small quarter-inch glass posts around its base to catch the pulp and seeds? There were similar "lemon squeezer" posts in at least one other place - at the Salem Street and Chapel Avenue entrances to the Elm Arch Walk across the Phillips Academy campus. What was their use? I don't know, unless it was to discourage horses from using the walkway.

On Memorial Hall lawn, flanking the front steps, were two cast iron cannon and stacks of pointed cylindrical iron shot. These and the iron fence joined the World War II effort in the scrap iron drive. I think the lemon squeezer posts and the original iron fence went to World War I. They disappeared about that time, at any rate. I recall the heavier entrance porch and the mansard roof, the years when Miss Twichell and Miss Edna Brown were the librarians and the charge desk was at the back opposite the entrance. In those days they must have found the

books by instinct or memory, so feebly were the stacks lighted by the carbon electric bulbs. That was before the wing to the north was added and all the alcoves at the back were stacks with only narrow aisles between. Not much wider were the stairs to the balcony guarded by a latched gate that was opened only to the privileged. On the second floor the G. A. R. had its headquarters. There the war mementoes were kept and there a marble plaque still records the names and dates of those who fought in the Civil War.

At the curb, near the Library's southern entrance, was a horse watering trough on its iron pedestal, with a faucet and tin cup for the driver's use. Originally it was a squeeze-type faucet; later I recall a bubbler with a cement-block step for the smaller fry. It has gone along with its need. The motor car drinks at the gas pump, its driver at the snack bar across the street.

There the Musgrove building bulks as of old. Then, reached by a new concrete walk across the mire that was Andover's Square, Simeone's Drug Store (he was father of William and Paul) occupied the Elm Street corner where I now see the Town Grill. The American Express - predecessor of the Railway Express - had a small office in the corner next the alley. Various tenants have been there since, including a furrier and a florist. The last one had coffee and doughnuts for sale. Facing the Square was the coal company's office - I think it was the Andover Coal Company, - the telegraph office, a barber shop; later there was Livingston's Flower Shop, a shoe repair place, and Look's Camera Shop.

One may still use the Musgrove's center door. The dark corridor is still there, and so are the broad uncomfortable stairs at the rear left which once led to the Telephone Exchange on the second floor, but the Post Office is no longer at the far end. I remember the wide arch beyond which one faced a wall of glass-windowed delivery boxes. Each had a number and two concentric dials which had to be positioned to open the 3x5 door; a few boxes were of double or triple size for business firms. At the extreme left were two windows for mailing parcels and buying stamps, with drop chutes between them and the delivery boxes. This floor space is now occupied by the Thrift Shop, entered only from Post Office Avenue. In the southerly angle of the building has long been Verrette's Lunch, but it is an old drug store location. Before my day it was William Allen's, and was then taken over by his clerk, Stacy, with the wry-neck. After him it was Crowley's.

Where the "ten-footer" block housing William Simeone's Drug Store and the X-L Cleaners now stands, I remember Valpey's Market, a two-story wooden building with a six-foot wide porch nearly flush with the dirt sidewalk. Having hitched your horse to the iron-pipe rail that extended between two ten-inch square granite posts (like Fig. 3), you entered the sawdust-strewn market by a center door recessed between show windows. The one at the left, on the corner of Post Office Avenue, was the office with a high desk and a high stool for the bookkeeper. The other usually held baskets of fresh garden produce.

At the south end of the porch one found William Allen's Victrola phonograph and music shop on the second floor, overlooking the sloping porch roof. The stairs were outside the building and, as I first recall them, hung precariously over the abyss where men with horse-drawn scoops were digging the cellar of what was to be the Barnard block. (Note: 1)

The building of the Barnard block was probably my first engineering undertaking - as sidewalk engineer. Some of its early occupants were Miss Miller's Dry Goods Store, Buchan and Francis (first and second floor display of furniture), and the Family Shoe Store. Playden, the florist, occupied the Park Street corner until he and Albert Lowe, the druggist, who had been in the Andover Press Building near Chestnut Street, swapped locations. I see that the business is now in the hands of Lowe's partner, Charlie Dalton. Miss Irma Beane took over Miller's. The First National Store, enlarging, moved from its first location across the street to the Buchan-Francis site, and that in turn has been taken by Cole's Hardware. Ford's Lunch has been there for some time. On the second floor Smith and Coutts, Printers, came after Buchan-Francis and was followed by the Townsman Press under Elmer Grover. When he failed and the Townsman was taken over by Rogers, another printing concern and a second-hand furniture exchange moved in.

Just how the town looked east of Main Street, in the days of my youth, is not so clear to me - that was "the other side of town." On the north side of Park Street where Walter's Tavern is now, there was a short-lived Five and Ten Cent Store, and then Mr. Francis' "What Not," later taken over by Mrs. Lyson. Treanor's Gift Shop, now the Andover Gift Shop, is on the site of Eastman's Barber shop and Andover's oldest bakery, which was called the Park Street Bakery and was run in my day by Jesse West's father, by Jesse and by MacGregor. It was moved to Post Office Avenue in the '30's and has changed hands several times since.

The next small wooden building I remember as shared by Mr. Reynolds' shoe repair and a Chinese laundry. The latter was Al Zink's first radio shop in the late '30's, and after that Rhinney's headquarters for his radio repair, audio loud-speaker service, and record shop before he moved up to the old Shaw place on Main Street. Now the Misses Hill run a home bakery there, having been crowded out of their first location on Chestnut Street by the expanding Co-Op. The east half is a beauty shop.

Next was a double wooden building that housed Buchan and McNally, the plumbers, on the west end; Buchan and Francis, furniture, on the far end and upstairs. This is where I first recall the furniture store before it moved to the Barnard block on Main Street. McNally enlarged the building and brick veneered it. Then he moved into the east end. McNally ran the store and kept the books. Should I say that Buchan did the dirty work? Anyway, that was their business regardless of how I say it.

Where the Recreation Center now stands, Higgins and then Walter Morrissey had a livery stable. Until about 1918 we boarded our horse, Roy, there where he was under the special care of Frank Markey's father, Pete. In those days it was "hack" or "livery" - what we now call "taxi."

On the east corner of Bartlett Street, where Clark now has a car salesroom and garage, was the blacksmith shop, first owned by Morrison and Tuttle, later by Anderson and Bowman. Like the baby, the horse frequently needed new shoes, the carriage wheel a new tire, or the pickaxe a new point. On the west corner, Coleman was going modern with a garage for servicing the new "horseless carriages." He also would install wires to carry that new stuff to light your house called "electricity."

The open parking space, next, was hidden behind an eight-foot brick wall, and a wide door-like gate gave access to an open court and open shed used to store town wagons. A closed shed on the east side of the court stored sand for icy winter sidewalks.

On the outside the firehouse looks much as of old, but a glimpse through the open door shows high-powered red trucks where the old smoke-belching steam pumper used to stand behind the harness which hung as one piece from the ceiling. There must have been three or four big dappled gray horses stabled at the east corner of the house near Bernard Street. In slack season the Board of Public Works used them on road work to haul the gravel or the sprinkling cart used to ally the dust on the town's unpaved streets. In case of a fire, the dump cart was unhitched from the front axle and the driver drove like a chariot-driver of old for the engine house or, if out with the watering cart, with his foot pressed hard on the pedal controlling the flow of water, to lighten the load as quickly as possible.

Up the south side of Park Street marched a row of wooden telephone poles connected by numerous parallel wires. At the rear of the Town Hall, the town scales were in frequent use weighing farmers' hayloads and wagons loaded with livestock. In front - and the facade shows little change - a lovely elm tree pleased the eye and offered welcome shade, which is more than can be said of the parking meters! Only the oversize granite hitching posts remind us of the horse-and-buggy days.

Inside the Hall there are some changes in the floor arrangement. The lower town hall where the Boy Scouts met under the leadership of "Ham" Lewis and Harold Whipp has become a court room. "Ham" and Harold were taking postgraduate work "on the hill" but found time to lead four troops, some one hundred and twenty or more boys, in the Scout program. They even ran a summer camp for us in Middleton on the Ipswich River. I remember Mr. Phil French (senior) and a Mr. Homer, who lived next to the Abbot Cricket Field on Abbot Street, as members of the local council. That was in 1916. Across the hall, Mr. Bemis's office as Superintendent of Schools indicated the men's room has gulped the men's room and increase the size of the Assessor's office and give the Town Clerk more space.

Upstairs was the town meeting hall. Seated on hard-bottomed settles, the long-suffering public listened to the harangues of "Matty" Burns or the bellowings of John Rayner. The same hard benches - but then possibly more endurable - were used when we watched the theatrical presentations of the "Barnstormers." At the street end of the hall there was a small balcony which threatened

to fall at any moment but never did. Cleared, the hall was used for dances, flower shows, exhibits, or bazaars.

After crossing Barnard Street one passed Whiting's jewelry store on the corner. It took in what is now Shirley Barnard's insurance office and Billings' present location as far as the stairs that led up to William Benfield, the tailor. Whiting was succeeded by Blackshaw in the early '20's, and Billings at first had the whole corner. Beyond the stairs, where the Dame shop is now, was George Higgins' real estate office, and later Charlie Hill's electrical shop.

Then one comes to the Evergood Food Shop which you may recall was once controlled by H. P. Hood & Sons. Before my day this was the location of the "Metropolitan" variety store, run by Miss Ella Holt. She also ran an informal clearing house for domestic help. I remember Miss Ella, and my father always referred to the store as the "Metropolitan." In my day it was run by Mrs. Dalton, mother of Bill, Charlie (the druggist), and Frances. Here she had a candy, cookie, and ice cream parlor. She filled sugar cones for small boys, using a flat, spade-like spoon, and filling them from the bottom tip to well over the top - all for a nickel! On the marble wall back of the soda counter one of the spigots had a mysterious label "I Don't Care." Even Mrs. Dalton could not give a formula for it. It was a little of this - a little of that, whatever would not go into the other wells when she filled them up. Farther back in the store was the showcase full of Wm. W. Wrafft's Blue Ribbon Chocolates at forty cents a pound. They were considered very special in those days. A group of wire-legged tables and chairs was at the extreme rear. Along the upper shelves on the north wall was the packaged candy, half-, one-, and even two-pound fancy boxes, with roses or pictures of pretty girls with pink and white complexions and wearing big picture hats. On the lower shelf, at a tempting height, was the penny candy - Boston Baked Beans (the beanpot was about one and one-half inches high), candy cigarettes, marshmallow bananas, chicken corn, penny peanut bars, stick licorice, gum balls, and hard candies. If you had a nickel - where did you get it? - there were Necco Wafer Rolls and Hershey chocolate bars.

Next door was a wooden building with apartments or work space on the second floor. On the street level Frank Cole, the Superintendent of Public Works, had a haberdashery shop. On the south side of the building was "Johnny Shoestrings" (Schoenrens') barber shop (haircut 25 cents). Peterson owned the men's store for a short time before the block was torn down and replaced with Woolworth's ten-footer. Between the old wooden store and the Arco Building - then new - Rogers Brook was boarded over and through a picket gate at the street line one had access to the rear of the Arco Building and even to Chestnut Street.

The Arco block just antedates my memory but it was still new as far back as I recall. The first store was H. P. Chase's sporting goods and photographic supplies. Pollard, the lane fellow, was clerk and later owner. Next was S. A. Ames' butter and egg store. Arthur Jackson at one time sold eggs there for 30 or 35 cents per dozen. And there we bought the best butter at 22 cents a pound in five-pound bricks, or cheaper tub butter for 18 or 20 cents a pound.

Then came the stairs to the apartments and the Briggs-Allen School on the second floor. I am the first and oldest alumnus of this school which was started at the request of some of the mothers in town as a private school for girls. Emily and "Patty" (Frances) Thompson, Dorothea Flagg, Edwin Curran, Heldegard Kunhardt, Sally Bartlett, Margaret French, and Helen Walker were the first pupils enrolled, the place Mrs. Briggs' small apartment where she was assisted by her daughter, Miss Lucy Allen. The school must have been running for two or three years before I went there to take first grade because my birthday falling just after January first meant I could not enter public school for another year. Obese Mrs. Briggs loved small children and had a way with them. She would have liked to hold me on her lap, but for some reason it just disappeared when she sat down. Miss Lucy, whom you may recall as Mrs. Thaxter Eaton, continued the school at 49 Abbot Street. She, like her mother, loved children - in fact, she loved everyone. You never heard of any of her troubles, least of all Mrs. Lucy.

South of the stairs was the paper store, run by O. F. Chase. For many years I was asked to call here about January 2nd for a half-pound box of chocolates, a birthday present from Mrs. Chase who, as Miss Jenny Abbot, was my first public school teacher in the second grade. On November 22nd, she in turn received one of Flaydon's choicest big yellow chrysanthemums.

Carl Blander's, McDonald's coal office, and the telegraph office were at various times next before one came to the Andover Press Building. There originally Lowe's Drug Store occupied the north side (entered by the left-hand "bias" door) until the 1920's when, as previously mentioned, he changed places with Flaydon. Since Mr. Flaydon died, his business has been handled from the greenhouse, and the Main Street site has been occupied by Hiscox for the past five years. The Andover Bookstore was on the Chestnut Street corner and supplied books and stationery to the academies as well as to the general public. The press offices were upstairs and the printing plant at the rear. Few of Andover's public school graduates of that period may realize that the names on their diplomas are in the fine Spencerian hand of Miss Nellie Farmer, who was bookkeeper for the press and worked at the front window on the second floor. She lived on the east side of Whittier Street just south of Park Street, and received her early training in her father's fish market on Barnard Street.

South of Chestnut Street there are many changes, especially on the east side. As I remember, a brownish frame tenement house stood on the corner about eight feet back from the street line, its lawn flush with a flat granite-topped stone wall eighteen inches high. This wall made a hard but convenient seat of a summer afternoon on which to wait while the streetcar was being faced about to return to Lawrence. The trolley pole had to be pulled out from underneath, then the conductor walked through the car, turning over the seats, and reversed the operation at the other end amid much sparking as he tried to engage the trolley wheel with the wire.

Sidewalks changed on crossing Chestnut Street from brick and occasional sections of the "new cement" to tar with humps due

to tree roots. The east sidewalk met a granite curb at the cobble-lined gutter of the dirt street. The curb extended to Punchard Avenue, as did the granite retaining wall, reaching its maximum height in front of the Lyons' house, now the Barnard Arms, and dropping again to twelve inches at the avenue. Where the present Co-Op building changes roof level, there was a driveway break in the wall, then it resumed at a thirty-inch height. A stair break allowed access to Dr. Charles Abbott's office. The wall curved out around an elm tree and then broke again for a driveway to the doctor's front door and on to the barn. All that remains of the wall is the highest section (three and a half feet high) in front of the Barnard Arms. This stucco and half-timber house was built about 1913 for a family by the name of Lyons on the site of Judge Poor's home. The judge was for many years town moderator. In the 1930's it was Morton Fuller's Funeral Home and in the 1940's was made over into apartments.

From here the wall sloped down in front of #84, which was Dr. Stowers' (dentist) and later, when he moved across the street to Dr. Scott's big house, it was Ivar Sjostrom's before it was cut down to sidewalk level by the Bay State Bank in 1956. The A & P was the Myerscough and Buchan garage, but before that the first house on the north side of Punchard Avenue faced on Main Street and there was no ten-foot block of stores. The retaining wall even turned the corner onto the avenue with a height of twelve inches and tapered off in about eight or ten feet. Main Street was not always level from the Square to Morton Street. Nature abhors a straight line and the glacier had left a hump in the middle of our town. Some of this high ground still remains and some has been leveled. The site of the Press building was once twenty inches higher. David Shaw's front lawn had to be lowered and I recall the Andrews house, which stood where the Post Office is now. It was about eight feet back behind a picket fence on the street line and some four feet above the sidewalk. The street was leveled in the early 1890's, I believe, for the benefit of the street cars.

South of Punchard Avenue, the house behind the Caronel Apartments now faces the avenue, but I recall it facing Main Street. Well back from both street lines, it was surrounded by the same curb-like wall with the pyramid-topped posts at the walk openings. The only difference was that the lawn was at the same elevation as the sidewalks, exposing both sides of the curb wall. There was a large horse chestnut tree on the lawn at the corner and as we pass the elms that still stand between the sidewalk and the gutter (once cobblestone) we are opposite Locke Street.

On the north corner of Locke was Dr. Leitch's, now Dr. Blake's. It has the only porch on Main Street where I recall a social cup of tea being served. Like all general practitioners in those days, Dr. Leitch had to have a horse and buggy for his house calls, so what we see as Dr. Blake's garage was Dr. Leitch's stable.

Number 97 has the same three-story front, but I miss a couple of big trees and the horizontal "X" fence, also the big driveway gate with one of those twelve by twelve-inch granite posts to anchor its hinge. We have Miss Underhill to thank for



the beautiful redwood paled fence with its urn-topped posts and the black iron stair rail. Of course the house has changed from "Duxbury" brown to white, matching the fence.

To the north Dr. Hulme's place seems unchanged though I miss the signs of life in the turret room at the right. The Stowers house looks much as it did when it was Dr. Scott's. David Shaw's red mansion is gone. I recall it in the center of what is now parking space, behind a two-foot wall and a crescent-shaped tar driveway sprung from castellated stone gate posts. Next was the Grouts' and then the afore-mentioned Andrews' place. This faced south onto a tar drive that arc-ed upward from the lowered street level. Until 1926 it bore the Andover Historical Society sign, as the members rented two rooms for their collections and held meetings there until Miss Underhill took them in at #97.

Where the gas station now stands on the southwest corner of Main and Chestnut was Mr. Higgins' pasture - yes, I remember when grass grew on (if not in) Andover's Main Street. The pasture was fenced in with round posts four feet high connected by one by five boards, three of them I think, and a board flat against the post over the rail ends. Fun, - fences meant various things to a small boy. They meant stay here, don't go there. They were to climb on, sit on, or swing on. Some, like board fences, cut off my view; I don't recall any like Tom Sawyer's that I had to paint.

Mr. Higgins ran the livery stable, a real estate office, and was town clerk for many years. He lived in the house just west of this "pasture" - until recently the "Tots and Teens" store.

Glancing down Chestnut Street, I note the house behind the Savings Bank and reflect that it bears but slight resemblance to the grandeur of the Swift house as it stood facing Chestnut Street well back from Main (where the bank's grass plot now is), big shade trees on the front lawn (red beech, I'd say), and a drive from Main to Chestnut, then on to the barn at the west. Along both street lines was a heavily-built fence - big square posts, heavy boxed base and rail, large turned uprights between. On Main Street there were three or four large elms between the sidewalk and cobble-stone gutter.

Rogers Brook was open west of Main Street close behind the Swift house; where Rod Hill's hardware store stands today. North of it was a gabled two-story wooden building with a step-high porch or platform ten feet to the dirt sidewalk. The second story and gable are still discernible over Michael Jay's ten-foot facade. The south half was a shoe store - George and Bill Brown's, later Henry Miller's; the north half was the "Fleur-de-Lis" needle and thread shop.

North of the alleyway the First National Store opened its first Andover shop. Stairs led up to apartments above, among others to the rooms of Miss Charlotte Helen Abbot. If you chanced to stop by, she would move a big pile of her genealogical books and notes to an equally big pile on the table or floor, dust off the chair, and talk AT you for as long as you would stay. On the street level was the Andover Candy Kitchen. This was the Draper block, torn

The first thing I noticed when I stepped out of the car was the smell of the sea. It was a salty, bracing scent that seemed to fill the air. I took a deep breath, feeling the cool breeze on my face. The sun was shining brightly, and the water was a deep, shimmering blue. I felt a sense of peace and freedom that I had never experienced before.

I walked along the beach, my feet sinking into the soft sand. The waves were crashing against the shore, creating a rhythmic sound that was soothing to my ears. I looked out at the horizon, where the sea met the sky. The colors were beautiful, a mix of blues and greys. I felt a sense of awe and wonder at the vastness of the ocean. I had heard that the sea was a source of life and energy, and now I was experiencing it firsthand. I felt a connection to something greater than myself, a sense of being part of a larger whole.

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down in '57, the space now used as a parking lot. Next was Walter Morse's Hardware - stairs led up to second floor apartments - and Andy Basso's fruit stand with its whistling peanut roaster and - for Memorial Day - cocoanuts. Incidentally, do you know that cocoanuts on Memorial Day are strictly Andoverian? You cracked them on the tombstones at the cemetery. I'm afraid that must be Andoverian, too! But to get back to Main Street - now I see a beauty parlor and a flower shop instead of the fruit stand where Mrs. Basso's sweetness made up for Andy's gruffness, and recall the narrow alley beside the bank building, now a tarred drive leading to the bank's parking lot.

The Andover National Bank had only the three southerly bays on the street level. One entered a center revolving door to face the tellers' cages. Four-foot counters were topped on three sides by heavy wire (one and one-half inch mesh) that enclosed the tellers' cages top, back, and sides, even extending between the different windows. The only entrance was by a mesh door that automatically slid shut and locked. At the left was a small office for Mr. Holland, the cashier. At the right a controlled door allowed the "privileged" access to the vault and to the directors' room. The fourth bay - at the left - had stairs to the second floor. Here Smart and Flagg's Insurance Company was long the chief occupant, with Judge Colver Stone, Anna Greeley, and Fred Cheever at various times having the smaller offices. Odd Fellows' Hall^M was on the third floor. A door at the right of the stairway gave entrance to the Savings Bank where a long dark corridor led past the three and one-half foot counter topped with a brass fence-like grating. Behind this I recall Miss Florence Kimball, Mr. Hussey, and Arthur Jenkins. Mr. Fred Boutwell had an office at the dark end of the hall.

The Burns block seems always to have had a barber shop. Flander's Lunch was also located there. The Burns Company clothing store competed with Flander and with Langrock's (now the Andover shop) near Morton Street for the academy boys' trade. The Lawrence Gas and Electric Company had a big frontage where Sutherland's and McCartney's now have branch stores. A short-lived toy store had Burns' location in the mid '50's. I cannot recall what preceded Maria Fairweather and the Cross Coal office on the corner, but as you will note later they were not always there in my day.

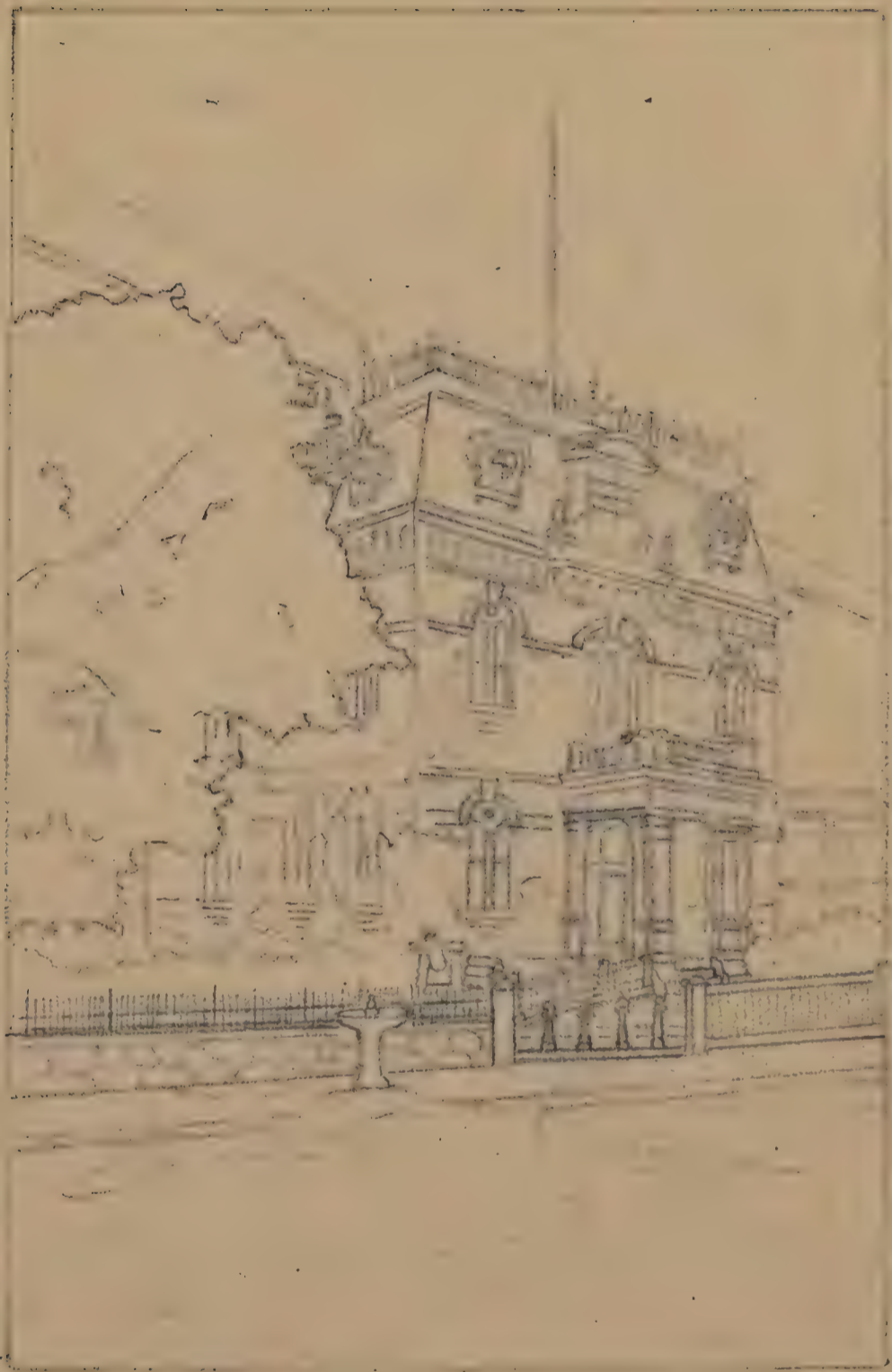
Before we turn the corner, let us take a last look at Main Street. It used to be a dirt road marked here and there by a line of curbing, here and there by a stretch of brick sidewalk. Once, even within my memory, it had many shade trees, some fine elms among them. The first to fall in my time were those by the Barnard block and the Town House, and the old elm of the Square, a horse chestnut at the head of Essex Street, those by the old Swift place and in front of the new post office. More recently the elm at Chestnut Street and by Dr. Abbot's have gone. Granite hitching post and rail gave way to steel or wooden poles for trolley wires for the double track, telephone wires, and street lights. These in turn passed when the telephone and light wires went underground, busses replaced the trolley cars, and the lights

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went onto iron pedestals. Now between the conifer on the Village Green and the Post Office flag pole stand only the parking meters - a poor substitute for shade!

In winter the street cars plowed the width of two tracks, leaving a couple of inches or so of snow, and with big wing blades cleared eight feet each side to a sloping grade. Snow, hand-shoveled from the sidewalks, made a pile sometimes over six feet high in the gutters. I have seen more than one startled horse tip over his sleigh in the ravine called Main Street. How different it is today when the B&W, within a day or two after a storm, has the snow cleared right down to the concrete pavement!

Leaving Main Street we turn toward Essex, past what was once J. H. Campion's grocery store in the V of Central Street. When in 1926 he sold out to Greeley, it became the Vermont Tea and Butter Store, then Tardif's electrical appliance and repair shop. It is now Ruth Hammond's dress shop. Suppose we cross diagonally to where the horse chestnut tree stood at the curb by the Library, and descend the grade to the theatre parking lot. We are now standing where once - and until about 1850 - ran the tracks of the Andover-Wilmington Railroad. One can easily follow the old line as it crossed Pearson Street (look over the gas station fence), crossed Main Street diagonally, then on to Temple Place and High Street. Near the parking lot, next to the Library's retaining wall, I recall the bowling alleys and, nearer the street, the nighthawk lunch cart. Although bricked in and fixed, it was a wagon that could have wheels attached and follow the trade.

I remember Hardy and Coles' lumber shed where the theatre now stands, and Phil French's chemical works on Essex Place. The depot originally stood where the theatre is now, and I believe that M. T. Welch had a tin shop and plumbing business in here somewhere. If you turn and look across the street at the old Smith and Manning building, you will note the windows in the gable - proof that it was once the freight depot. After Smith and Manning it became John Stewart's second-hand store. He held on for some time, and though more recently it has had several short-lived businesses the place has been vacant a great deal of the time.

Glancing down the hill past the tenement house, I see the brick building erected about 1919 for the post office. Aiming to be near enough the railroad so the latter would deliver from the trains, the planners had measured to the platform and not to the station. They missed out by a few feet. Ernest Hetherington, who had bought out I. A. Holt and Smith and Manning, then took over the uptown part of the building. Later when James Greeley bought out Hetherington, and after him Campion, he established the Rockport Market here, expanding to half the building, even using the vacated postoffice area for storage before the Andover Silver Company moved in. The post office, of course, moved to its present location on Main Street in the early '30's.

Going back up Essex Street, I pass between the Smith and Manning building and the Baptist Church. Straight ahead is the old railroad location - through Andy Murphy's garden, across Central Street, at the head of Brook Street, over Cross' front lawn, and so on - but that is a story in itself. T. A. Holt Co.

Groceries occupied the basement floor of the church building now used by the Baptist Sunday School and for church socials. There was a loading platform on the side alley for handling barrels and other heavy items. Smith and Manning also loaded there - horse and wagon, of course, in those days.

I round the corner and face "Central House," a three-decker directly behind Campion's; on the street floor was a Chinese laundry to which I sent my stiff "saw-saw" collars and an occasional pleated tuxedo shirt; on the two upper floors were negro apartments as in the double two-story white house to the southwest. These two houses and another white one behind a white picket fence filled the space that is now the bank's parking lot.

Another look at the Baptist Church, the upper part much as it is today. I miss the elm tree that stood on the Central Street line between the cobblestone gutter and the sidewalk. Facing a gravel area are the three doors which in my day led into Holt's basement store, the left one to the storage section. Here one would find Mr. Jimmie Marshall loading the light horse-drawn wagon in summer, or the 'pung' in winter with market baskets filled with bags of cookies, prunes, cornmeal, a half-pound of tea. If it is Wednesday and he has an order for the Carltons, it may mean going around to the platform in the alley to load on a hundred-pound bag of sugar or to boost on a barrel of flour. I enter the middle door, past the rack displaying Loose-Wiles fancy cookies. They are in glass-covered cubical tin boxes for only Nabisco sugar wafers and Uneeda biscuits came packaged in those days. The worn pinebread counter has darkened with time. There's a barrel of sugar in front of it, and at the end stands the big-wheeled, hand-turned coffee mill. Tall, red-haired Mr. Cheever, who later became tax collector, would reach down the box of Quaker Rolled Oats that Mother had forgotten to order or show you the new glass-faced washboard that was going to replace the zinc-faced kind. At the rear of the store, you could 'watch your weight' for free on the platform scales. Here also, in a small fenced-off dias, Mr. Jenkins and Mrs. Gibson kept the books. Each section of the store had its distinctive aroma. The "cottony" smell proclaimed the dry goods department - at the front toward the square - where one could buy ribbons and furbelows, dish-toweling, and yere goods. In those days women sewed more than today and made most of their clothes, some even their menfolk's shirts and night-clothes. Mr. and Mrs. Marshall with Mr. Marshall's carpenter shop in the back shed, and where the horse and wagon were kept for the day.

Turning right down Central Street, I pass Yancy's and see that a new house is started in the field that was Andy Murphy's garden. Across the street Dr. McArdle's Medical Center now occupies the spot where a small cottage used to stand. It was in poor repair and was finally torn down. I recall that in the early 'teens it was the home of Charlie Newman and family. Next I cross Rogers Brook. I understand, although I did not see it, that a Fire Hole - one of those holes for collecting water for the old fire hand-tub pump - was discovered under the roadway when some repair work was done in the 1930's. On the south side was Postmaster Sweeney's, still occupied by his youngest daughter, Miriam, and her husband, Frank McArdle. A fence, straggled, with the popular round post and rail top, square about 12-in. guarded the drive which led past the front door to the house. The corner store for school building

The next house is now the Baptist parsonage, but to me the home of Mr. and Mrs. Francis and their three daughters. Mr. Francis, as I have noted, was associated with Buchan in the furniture business, later running the "What Not" on Park Street, finally taking up ceramics and doing a land-office business repairing broken china.

Rodney Hill's place on the corner of Brook Street I think of as belonging to the two spinster sisters of George Swift, who lived in the big house at the corner of Main and Chestnut Streets. The fence must be new, and a garage replaces the barn that faced Brook Street. On the other corner is "The Glebe House," property of Christ Church. Of that I remember only the excitement caused when the barn burned, and the fact that a Mrs. Nichols, an antique dealer, and her daughter were living in the house at the time. The rectory next door to the church I knew in Mr. Henry's day as I played with Stewart. Gone are the big elms that shaded the plot in front of the rectory where the boys played ball while waiting for choir practice to be called.

Should I waste words in feebly trying to describe "Rose Cottage?" I would do better to refer you to the painting by Mr. William Pierce at the Andover Historical Society. I well remember the roses and hollyhocks and the shed to the east.

Plump Mrs. Melledge and Deacon J. Harold, tall and wiry, lived in the Auty house before they built the one on Barlet Street now occupied by the Fred Kimballs. McDonald's and Dr. Daly's (now Dr. Doyle's) are on the site of George Swift's garden behind a solid board fence. I couldn't see over it, but Father could, which would make it four and one-half to five feet high. This fence must have extended east about to Dr. Daly's boundary line before changing to the heavy rail type with turned posts by the lawn.

Across the street was Charlie Hill's - Charlie senior, of course. Both front and back doors look different, but I am not sure how - was there a porch or something? The next house west, I think, was where a Mrs. Glazier and son Prentice lived. She was very musical and her young son played the violin. She wanted me to play trumpet with him, but I didn't 'enthuse; their playing was a little out of my class. This must have been about 1916. Next door I well remember Mr. and Mrs. Kendall with Mr. Kendall's carpenter shop in the back shed, and when the drive and garage were added for Miss Edith's new car. The Russes lived in the other side of this double house; Mr. Russey worked in the Savings Bank. The rolling New England terrain calls for the three-foot retaining wall in front of this house.

The nunnery at the corner of Central Street was the Horace Tyer house. He was president of the Tyer Rubber Company, started by his father. There were three children in the family - Edith, Frances (Fanny), and Henry (Harry). The two daughters are married and live elsewhere, and since Harry's death the Tyer name is borne only by his widow, Winifred. The house had at the sidewalk line a thirty-inch-high fence, three-railed, with the popular round post and acorn top. Square granite posts guarded the drive which led past the front door to the barn. The corner where the school building

now stands on a banking was the garden which was on a lower level, flush with the sidewalk and rising on a gentle slope toward the house. Heavy plantings of laurel, rhododendron and the like almost hid the paths that led to the little gate at the very corner. Poorly lighted by the street light behind the trees bordering the sidewalk, it was indeed a dark and spooky corner after dark.

As I pass the gateway marking the approach to the Andover Apartments - what I knew as the Cross place, home of Julia and Eva - I must be again on the site of the old railroad. It shows as a depression in the lawn inside the stone wall, with a nice symmetrical evergreen so placed that it is on the center line of Central Street. Each year Mr. Cross lighted it as a Christmas tree. Before the place was made over into apartments, the property extended up School Street to Bottomley's and the drive circled around by the stables, by the back stone wall, and came out on School Street between Emmons' and Byrnes'. Cross built the pool in what was his broad southern lawn. Where the brook went under the street, behind the high stone wall, was one of those necessary fire holes; it would be under the lawn of Number 47 now.

Continuing down Central Street on the right is the South Church, its white steeple topped with a gilded weather vane. The church was not always white; I remember it as coffee-brown. As playmate of one minister's son, Tom, and of another minister's two sons, 'Tack' and Stoddard, I knew the church from the crawl space under the basement floor to the bell in the steeple, where Stoddard and I played Christmas carols on our trumpets (1916 and 1917). Few have circumnavigated the church on the outside without touching the ground or without temporary support. The Bigelow boys and I (and, I think, Dow Hamblin) went completely around via the watertable. There was a small kitchen all at the back which we bypassed by going over its flat roof, and we got by the three front doors by dropping into the granite steps. We were some monkeys in those days, for you can still note that the watertable is some twelve or thirteen feet up at the sides.

I remember when the upstairs was hardwood-floored and the last pew at the back removed from against the wall, and the red carpet runners put down; when the molding of the proscenium arch of the pulpit with its keystone was cut back to the spring line and a cross symbolizing the four gospels painted on the back wall of the pulpit. The big sunburst light in the center of the ceiling must have had forty or so carbon bulbs on spokes three feet long. (They were later replaced with better bulbs, but those were not like modern ones.) These were augmented by the proscenium lights, four five-bulb drop lights at the corners, three or four lights under the balconies and back of the choir. Nowadays we would think of it as candle-light. When was that? It must have been about 1912.

I remember Mr. Buttrick strengthening the roof to take the additional weight of the asbestos shingles (must have been 1920 or thereabouts), the old hot-air furnaces downstairs on their squares of brick flooring, and the registers in the aisles upstairs. One furnace was in the sexton's room, one in the lower hall just outside his room, and one each in the main vestry and the south vestry.

The coal bin off the sexton's room under the stairs, and a stove in the primary, completed the heating of what Roy Hardy called a barn.

As a 'young deacon,' as the ushers were called, I helped take up the offering on Sundays, waited on table at socials, and suppers, and with my brother Ed and the Bigelow boys was in charge of the lighting and the stereopticon machine for plays and shows.

Old Mr. Oliver Vennard was sexton and in charge of the cemetery until he fell from his wagon. He was also a junk dealer and lived at 75 Central Street. Whether his death was the cause or the result of the fall, no one will ever know. He carried the cemetery records in his head, could put his foot down in a certain spot and say: "Mr. So-and-so is right there." But that was little help to my father or to me as we tried to figure out whose "baby" or "Mother" or "Father" rested under a certain stone.

It must have been about December of 1932 that the steeple was first lighted. I borrowed two searchlights, about a foot each in diameter, and from the ground at the edge of the crescent drive was able to hit the weathervane. This was the first outside illumination of an Andover steeple (and the best, if I do say so).

I recall as deacons: Messrs. Hamblin, Phil Ripley, Homer Foster, David Shaw, Harold Melledge, Eugene Weeks, and my father. I remember Mr. Moore as organist, and the days when Sunday morning worship started at 10.30 and lasted until 12 o'clock or later (Sunday School until one); when some of the visiting ministers would pray for ten, twelve, or even fifteen minutes. Of course, I knew the Reverend Frank E. Shipman and the Reverend M. Victor Bigelow.

Across the street from the church lived the two Miss Kimballs - Lucy, the older, was the housekeeper, and Miss Florence worked in the Savings Bank as had her father. She was a frequent visitor at our house and in Miss Lucy my grandmother found a kindred soul. Behind their barn in what was the garden a slight depression still marks the "Old Railroad" location, which does not show again until we find it back of George Abbot's house.

Between the Kimballs and the Ripleys - now Winifred Barnard's - was the Ripleys' hayfield, separated from the sidewalk by an arborvitae hedge and a three-strand inch-and-a-half wide ribbon-wire fence. This ribbon was a double set of two twisted wires one-and-a-half inches apart, another wire wandering between them. Supported by the popular round post with an acorn top, the fence soon had a droop or drape. The ribbon, wide enough not to cut, made a fine swing with one's heels hooked into the middle ribbon. At the driveway the wire gave way to round-edged 2 x 4 boards - but with the same acorn posts - in a quadrant curve to conventional square granite gateposts. It must have been in the 1920's that the hedge and fence were replaced by the present heavy stone wall.

The driveway split to form a turn-around, circling the big elm, and the house, which extended to where the garage now is, included in that ell, kitchen, pantries, laundry, and maids' sitting-room, with maids' bedrooms upstairs. The drive then continued, as Central Lane now goes, past formal gardens behind the big evergreen

trees on the left and more hay on the right until one crossed the brook and passed the kitchen garden. The garden and the greenhouse next to it extended three-fourths of the way to the George Abbot line to the southwest. The rise in the ground formed a banking between greenhouse and barn, the lower floor of which has been made into Fred Bradley's house. His garage remains as it was, built for the Ripleys' Pierce-Arrow limousines. Back of the Bradleys', between what was the barn and the stone wall, was space just wide enough for a drive that went through to the house on Abbot Street where the Johnsons lived. Mr. Johnson was chauffeur for the Ripleys. The children, Lillian (now Mrs. McCollum), Harold, and Edith (now Mrs. Theodore Tyler) were of the Central Street gang.

Back at 48 Central Street we shall probably find Uncle George (Ripley) in a chair on the north piazza, resting after his walk downtown. Slightly dwarfed, his demeanor somewhat childish, he was the victim of infantile paralysis. But everyone liked 'Uncle George.' Two huge horse chestnut trees still dominate the front of the house, but the "gingerbread trim" is gone. I cannot look at the facade without visualizing Madam Ripley sitting at the right-hand front window. Nor would it seem right if I entered by the heavy front door with its ornate lever doorknob and did not see her oil painting looking down at me from the southwest wall. The rear room on that side was Alfred's den. In my time he was not only the head of the house but a leading citizen. He was a banker in Boston and between his business and his hobbies (golf, wood-carving, and cabinet work, few but his close friends saw him. The two girls both married ministers. May (Mrs. Shipman) we shall meet further down the street. The other sister's name I don't recall - I think she married the Reverend Mr. Cutler and lived elsewhere. I met her only a couple of times, long ago. Phil was the youngest and lived over on Abbot Street directly back of the old house. His children were Susan, George, and Helen.

From the southwest piazza I look out upon the beautiful lawn and the shrubbery shielded from the street by an arbutus hedge. Between the lawn and the big evergreen trees was a tennis court on which Tom Shipman and I and the other children of the neighborhood played; nearer the back of the house was a flower garden.

On the other side of the street I think of No. 47 as the Joseph Smith property. It abutted the church and cemetery all the way back to Lupine Road. At the very back, just beyond the (present) last house on Old South Lane, is the hill that we used to ski on. No harness on skis in those days, just a toe strap and just to stay on them required some ability. Southwest of the hill, in the next depression, was a pond where we skated.

Back on the street, a large elm tree at the sidewalk's edge marked the north line of the house. I was never the house when the Smiths owned it or later after the Mitchell Johnsons bought it. It is known historically as the Samuel Abbot place for the man who originally^{what} was truly called a "mansion" in 1792. The hallway goes straight through from the front door to the porch or terrace. A beautiful wide staircase leads to the second floor with a right-angle turn partway up. The two principal mantels were brought from Paris. There were glazed tiles around all the fireplaces, and

I think those on the second floor are in the original settings. Between the curve of the drive as it went back to the garage what is now 8 Old South Lane was a sunken garden in keeping with the mansion. A low, flat-topped stone wall at the sidewalk line was just the right height to sit on, in the shade of the stately elm trees that grew between the gravel sidewalk and the unpaved dirt street. Tar sidewalks on this side extended only as far as the South Church property. On a pleasant summer evening one had to watch lest he step on the toes of couples sitting there in the dark. Finally the Smiths had to add a knife-edge top course in order to let the woodbine grow.

On down the street and quite a bit of revamping is needed to recapture my earlier impression. The stone wall that marked Smiths' southwest limit ran straight from Central Street to Lupine Road, just clearing the north side of the next house, the north ell of which was Mrs. John L. Abbot's barn. The south and front part was originally attached to the next house by what was known as the "well-room" - what must now be the kitchen of No. 59. In the late '40's, Mary Myers Smith bought this place when she sold the Joseph Smith property to Mitchell Johnson, separated it from No. 59, and attached it to the barn. Her brother, Duke, had an apartment in the converted barn and she occupied the house. Later Miss Mary L. Smith and Miss Mary Bancroft took Duke's apartment and another one in the barn wing - hence the name "the house of the three Marys."

Before I start on No. 59, let's look back across the street. George Abbot, Sr., owned all the block between Central and Abbot Streets down to Phillips Street, with the exception of Nos. 54, 56, and 68. The house at No. 56 is nearly as old as that at No. 47, it having been the property of George Abbot, "the emigrant," and built in 1795. It has been occupied by eight (linear) generations of Abbots. I do not know the interior of the house as the boys, being older than I, were not my playmates. Built only four or five years after the mansion at No. 47, it has many interesting fireplaces and one should note particularly the front doorway and the fluted columns. In the barn I remember the auto which one entered at the back and steered with a lever, as I recall. Mr. Kimball speaks of it as one of the first automobiles in Andover. The barn was directly back of the drive which used to fork as it neared the street. The carriage shed was opposite the house and between it and the three-foot wall at the sidewalk was a big eucalyptus with its blotched trunk. North of the barn, next to Ripleys' stone wall, was the tennis court where we kids sometimes played when Ripleys' was "full up." I have cut through the field to school, trapped muskrat in the brook in winter, and clubbed for chestnuts in the trees on the "Old Railroad" near the corner of Abbot and Phillips Streets. The big elm in the field next to No. 64 still stands, one of the last of Andover's historic elms. Under it I have pitched hay with Sally Ford and drunk Sally Bartlett's "ginger water" from a gallon milk can.

Between the sidewalk and the roadway, just north of where the drain from Abbot's field goes northwest under the street, was (it may be grassed over now) a granite slab four feet square with an iron-covered manhole - one of the old "fire holes" or sumps that it was hoped would hold water in case of fire, in the days before town water was piped under pressure.

Number 54, now Arthur Sweeney's, was to us the Shipmans and Tom, being my playmate, it was as familiar as my own home. Reverend Frank Shipman came to Andover in the 1890's as minister to the South Church. He married May Ripley and they had two children - Mary (now Mrs. Mian), and Thomas L. The house boasted a cement crescent walk and a tangent to the side door - one of the first in town. Cement was new then, first used as barn door aprons and carriage-wash-room floors. Also as drip pads under the new horseless carriages to protect the wooden flooring from oil. Consequently you will find many of the maker's trademark nameplates with a horse's head on them. A slightly pink tinge made it distinctive. No driveway at No. 54 in my day, but a wide gate gave access to the southeast lawn.

About midway of the house on the north side, a projection of the hedge next to Abbot's field shut off the back yard. Behind this screen was a hen coop, which at various times had Wyandottes, bantams, and even rabbits. At the very back corner was an old barnhouse which we youngsters cleared out and used as a clubhouse. We had a president, vice-president, treasurer, secretary, and usually one member. This worked fine until the member got sore and quit to form his own club with himself as president.

Directly behind the house was the garden, tended as was the lawn and shrubs by Andy Murphy. The other back corner was lawn - garden and lawn divided off by walks. At the front edge of the lawn a rope swing and trapeze, and forward of the walk a sandbox. Nearer the house was the summerhouse from the roof of which ran the well-waxed slide or "shoot-the-shoots." Access to the roof was by means of a ladder, or by the corner post, or by the adjacent apple tree.

The rear entrance was from a small porch - up possibly four steps on the front and six at the back - just big enough to allow the screen door to swing. The porch, a little wider than the steps, made an eighteen-inch fenced alcove opposite the door. Summer mornings would find four to eight fieldmice laid out in graduated sequence, heads out, tails toward the door; the Persian cat on the railing waiting to be recognized. After which, one by one the mice disappeared.

The side door gave access to the back stairs. On the right was the kitchen, on the left two doors into the dining-room and living room, respectively. The latter I remember chiefly as the place where we met after breakfast for Bible reading and morning prayers.

The chimney was on the inside between the living room and parlor, with a closet next to the outside wall in the living room. There was a Franklin stove in the parlor which was in the front corner of the house and overlooked the porch that went from the south side across the front, then back on the northeast side as far as a window in the dining room which balanced the living room. A powder's pantry balanced the back hall and led to the kitchen. Back of the kitchen was the cook's pantry on the north, the shed and back door to the south.

Phillips Street, with a firm, purposeful step. She lived to within three months of one hundred years. Her son, Sam, gave the grillon tower on the hill. Her grandsons Lester, Greenough, and Jimmy were my playmates when they visited their grandmother.

Now let us go back and look at the north side of the street. I remember numbers 57 and 59 as a double house, the No. 59 part about the same size as now. A Miss Poor lived there until Mr. E. E. Bartlett who lived at 11 Abbot Street bought it about 1908. With a family of five girls and a boy he had to add a long wing on the back. If we enter by the front door, a narrow stair twists upward, and a small batten door under it gives access to a storage space between the two huge fireplaces, one in the front parlor, one in the big living room. These two rooms were connected by the small front hall and this unfinished chimney closet which was a catchall for firewood and "what-have-yon." North of this closet, entered from the living room, was the "well room" which was the connecting link with No. 57. It was unfinished in my day - the Bartletts stored pickles in it - it must have belonged with No. 59 as the other door was bolted. Judging from the outside, it must now be the kitchen. The living room was large, as it needed to be, extending all the way across the back. So much for the ground floor of the old part of the house. There was no cellar.

On the second floor Elizabeth, the oldest daughter, had the front bedroom over the parlor. The master bedroom was over the south end of the living room. Both of these rooms had fireplaces and big closets back of the chimney. The third floor had two small bedrooms with closets under the eaves, but was unused, as I recall it, except for drying hickory nuts.

Mr. Bartlett added on at the back a huge three-storied wing. It was about eight feet narrower than the rear of the old house. From the south-center of the back wall of the living room a door led into the back hall and an outside one on the left opened onto a wide brick walkway that extended along the newly added wing between drive, barberry hedge, and lawn on one side, and flower bed and house on the other. Across the hall was the dining room and beyond that an open brick-floored porch. At the right the hall paralleled the stairs to a coat closet where a door to the left went into the pantry and the kitchen beyond. Back of the kitchen there was at the left a cook's pantry, in the center a short flight of stairs to the back door, and on the right a living room for the maids.

The stairs to the second floor led up what was the rear outside wall of the original house. At the top and to the left was the master bedroom; around to the right at the opposite end, over the coat closet, a bath; and at the right over the north end of the living room a small guest chamber. At the end of this upper hall, and up two steps, was the dormitory-like corridor down the center of the wing. First on the right was a bath; opposite it was John's room, then Sally's, and on the left Nat's. May had the north corner and Eleanor the south room over the porch. The stairs went up another flight via a cross landing to another long corridor with bath and two bedrooms for the maids, and a large playroom at the far end. Large closets under the eaves allowed storage of toys, costumes, or dresses in process of making.

Across the drive from the porch was a summerhouse under a horsechestnut tree. Beyond that the drive dipped slightly and turned toward the right past the greenhouse to the barn. On the right was a lawn and a grapearborescens walk leading from the kitchen door to the barn. Fred Weiss tended the garden and cared for the horse and cow - (also the maid, Sarah). Wallace Ward also worked here at one time. I remember he once hung me head down through a dung hole behind the cow stall, over the pig pen; and I remember gathering hay and consuming ginger water from a gallon can, the pitched rotten-apple fights, and jumping from the hayloft verbers to a small pile of hay on the floor. The jump seemed as easy then as stepping off the porch.

The drive turned right, past the barn, as a field road back to Lupine Road by Joseph Smith's boundary wall. Across the back road, beyond the railroad track, was the Smith and Dove cricket field. It must have been in 1915 or 1917 that they built a raised dance floor - a "war effort" morale builder - and had a dance orchestra on summer evenings play "Ain't We Got Fun" (The rich get richer, And the poor get children, Ain't we got fun!).

To the west, across the drive from the barn, was the raspberry patch, the gooseberries, and the general vegetable garden. Here also Fred raised his own tobacco leaf. Beyond this the hill sloped down rapidly to the big oak tree and the Bartlet pond, or straight ahead down to the lower field between the woods and the big gas tank on Lupine Road. The oak was big or the pond was small or maybe it was both. The pond was not more than three feet deep and bordered with bushes. In the summer its slime changed to pollywogs, to tadpoles, and to frogs. We built rafts of whatever we could find that would float and poled them across this "sea." In winter we skated on this puddle. I recall once we had been on Smith's and decided to try Bartlet's. We didn't bother to remove our skates, which in the snow acted as brakes, but when John ran down the hill and hit the ice they slid easily and John hit the ice hard. He was only three feet from the edge in about four inches of water, but he crawled out on the pond side and the ice immediately gave way, and so across the entire pond. Don't worry, he is still alive. He had to go in and get dry clothes - and the ice was spoiled until the next freeze.

The summerhouse that was across the drive from the porch was later moved west to the top of the knoll where No. 63 now is. Just a little nearer the street was the carriage shed, the under part of which served as a chicken coop, the yard taking in most of the brook valley over to E. F. Smith's. Number 63 is the big wing that Mr. Bartlet had added to No. 59 in 1908 and which Mrs. Bartlet cut off and moved back here in 1930. May and Mrs. Bartlet were quite artistic and I believe that the mural decoration in the hall may have been done by them. May also beautified that brook valley, after the carriage shed was torn down, making it into a sunken garden.

If we slip through the tall arborvitae hedge near the front hen coop fence, as we used to, we shall be in Aunt Ella's (Mrs. B. Frank Smith's) back yard. Mr. Smith enjoyed hunting

birds and kept a couple of sad-faced and noisy bloodhounds on the north side of the barn. They were not as fierce as they looked or sounded, however! There was originally an orchard on this land, as witness the old apple trees here and in our back yard next door - a Porter tree in the corner of the barn near the old privy, a Gravenstein near the clothesline by the house, and another tree near the front edge of the garden that ran crosswise of the lot. The coldframe, in line with the garden, backed up against the hedge with space in front for a path that went down the hill to the dump by the brook. The coldframe was originally of wood but Alex Waldie made it cement and warmed it up each spring with sweepings from the wool mill floor, which heat when wet. The vegetable garden was long and narrow, parallel to the street to within twenty feet or so of the south lot line. There, broken by two cedar arbors, grass walks led back between the flowerbeds. Later Major Purdon built a cedar arbor at the far end, with cement-tile and grass floor, as well as seats. Gradually the garden was expanded - when the Smiths sold the West Andover farm - with corn, squash, cucumbers, etc., down the hillside to the dump.

The south side of the barn, as I first recall it, supported the sloping glass of a greenhouse, with a little square flat-roofed toolroom at the rear, which was bordered with hollyhocks. Later, with a cement floor and the flat roof extended, it became a washroom for the carriages and years later for the automobile.

Up the drive toward the street, under the big maple trees, sharp around to the left between fence and the elm tree in the turn-around plot brought one facing the big barn door with the pigeon-cot in the bayleft above it. Inside to left and right stood the wagon, carriage, and brougham. Back at the right a small room for the man, heated with a little wood stove; in the center, space to hitch up; and, at the left back corner, the stalls for the horses.

From the barn one could enter the house through the kitchen, by the door into the rear hall with its back stairway, or by the side-front door on the porch facing the drive. This door led into the tip of an L-shaped hall, rather dark, as the outside door under the stairs was not added until the 1920's at a guess. On the left was the dining-room with the marimba dinner-call by the door; on the right the room Aunt Ella used as a living room. Here a fireplace against the back wall was flanked by a glassed, recessed shelf-cabinet containing Mr. Smith's birds. Here Aunt Ella and I played "Beasts" or similar games while we sat out the thunder storm.

Using the front door one entered from the veranda the high-ceilinged hall with its long flight of stairs. Arched doorways, left and right, led into the living room and parlor, respectively, and beyond the stairs, on the left, was the big grandfather clock. The "parlor" in those days was for formal use. In it was the "Victor Talking Machine," a small square box

piano, and in the curve to the south (this is the base of the tower) was the victrola. A sofa and a bookcase were on the street side. The hall had a settle against the big stair landing around which one had to go to reach, by two steps, a landing and two more steps. The grandfather clock stood in the corner between the doors to the dining room and living room. Although there were five windows here, this room was always dark because of the covered porches at each end and the dark mahogany furniture. Bookcases, shoulder-high, lined the wall between the archways leading to hall and dining room respectively; bookcases flanked the southwest window and there was another in the west corner. Two armchairs, originally Morris chairs, either side of a central table and lamp, faced the fireplaces; at the south end were two armchairs and Lucy Tyler's old round mahogany table. On the front, opposite the dining room entrance was a window seat extending around to the north side where "occasional" chairs and later a radio found a place. To the left of the fireplace was the well-filled wood basket.

Back of the living room was the dining room. It had a bay window on the north and a narrow glass door that curved with the bay and opened on the piazza which extended around the front corner as far as the chimney where it had full width steps to the ground. The front corner, forward of the house line, held a low-center hammock covered with awning. The rear section was where we usually sat of a summer evening. It seems as though I can even now smell the "Joss" sticks we burned to keep the mosquitoes away! This section was later screened but it always had a small gate which allowed egress to lawn and garden via narrow steps. In the lawn opposite the veranda was an old dead apple tree kept only because the bluebirds nested in it each year. One year they failed to nest. That year the tree fell down.

The dining room was finished in oak, a square table and high-backed chairs, a sideboard against the front wall, and a plate rail all around. The inner front corner had a small table with tea service, hidden behind a screen with Chinese motif to match the rug. The inner back corner had a built-in sideboard next a swing door leading to the butler's pantry and through a door there to the kitchen and cook's pantry. Off the latter was a walk-in refrigerator once supplied with ice from the outside, later electrically cooled from the cellar.

A flight of stairs led up from the rear hall on the south side of the house; here was the maids' sitting room and the back door opening on the small porch.

Up the front stairs another corner landing before you turn right and go around the stairwell to a sewing (or spare) room in the tower. The master bedroom was over the living room, across the front; the guest room - later Aunt May's - over the dining room, with a private bath. Behind that was another bath, off the hall, and a bedroom - Miss Sue's. Hannah (the second girl) had a bedroom at the very back. The guest room bath had been modernized 1930 style, but the back one must have been as originally designed in 1895. The tub was tin-plated copper.

(built-in) with sheathing frame. The marble washbowl had the usual flat marble top with carpenter-built drawers below. The woodwork was of stained mahogany and matched the stand of Uncle Fred's shaving mirror. All was very nice but I can't but think it might have been better reversed!

The drive double curves in from the southwest corner of the lot just as the street tops the hill. It is screened from the woods by grapevines and, curving still further beyond the stop at the brick-paved walk to the front porch, leads to the big barn door. The barn is in the northeast back corner of the lot and was, I understand, formerly part of the Catholic church.

The big barn door lets onto the main floor where I found Alex Waldie hitching up the horse. He told me one day that he was giving up his job, that Uncle Fred was going to sell the horse and have the shafts taken off the carriages. He could not drive the carriage without a horse so he was going to leave. Soon he was at No. 65, caring for Aunt Ella's horses, and as time went on he, like all of us, learned to drive without a horse. Lincoln Cates took over the gardening and care of the yard, and with him I often went to the wood lot out South Main Street between Orchard Street and Wildwood Road. Having stabled the horse in the shed there, we gathered corn, squash, cucumbers, beets or whatever Serena the cook wanted of what was available. In the winter there was wood to be loaded on the pung and brought in to be stored behind the driveway wall.

To the left of the big barn door was the wash bay. Slightly depressed at the center and drained, it allowed hosing-off the country mud and dust from carriage and station wagon before they were stored under sheets in the ell further back to the left. Straight ahead was another wide door, on the right a box stall with two straight stalls against the far wall. Back of the big door a watering trough pierced the wall to be usable from either room, and in the small harness-room back of that the harnesses hung behind a sliding glass door. There were two flights of stairs - one up and one down - on the street side of the main floor. At the front there was a finished room with fireplace for coachman and gardener. Upstairs were two more finished rooms, one over the wash corner, the other with fireplace over the front room. The rest of the second floor was hayloft with the exception of the space over the carriage storage and that over the harness room - the latter a small, closet-like room. The upstairs was narrow board siding.

When the car came, a cement drip pad was built on the street side of the barn floor and a heavy bench table with vise added in the front room. The first car was a Buick roadster with two bucket seats, soon to be replaced by a Winton seven-seated touring car. It had a right-hand steering with progressive shift, and handbrake outside over the running board. The horn was blown by a hand-squeezed rubber bulb. Carbide gas lighted the huge brass headlights and the brass sidelights beside the flat windshield. Where today it is chrome, it was then brass that had to be hand polished. The running boards or steps extended between the front and rear fenders or mudguards. A few years and the cars changed to left-hand drive, from progressive to selective shift, to shift lever and brake on the front floor. Air horns gave way

to electric "klaxons" and headlights increased their power with electric bulbs. Uncle Fred at first insisted on having the top down to get all the fresh air; it had to rain - not just sprinkle - before the top was raised. Later the top was up all the time but no fixing-glass curtains. Finally came the closed car and Robert Clements, the chauffeur, was allowed to have his window open the merest crack. For years Aunt May's car was a Winton and when the company offered a prize for the greatest number of miles with the fewest number of accidents - over a given period - Uncle Fred arranged to take long trips (what were long in those days) in order to run up his mileage. Thus Robert had the prize "in the end!" Aunt May's registration number from 1910 was 4593 which she kept until her death. It now belongs to her niece, Ruth Tyler Smith.

To go on with our walk we will cut diagonally down the hill through the woods, from the back corner of our lot (No. 67) near the back north corner of the barn. It is a well-worn trail. At the foot of the hill we come to a woods road. This right of way is strictly between Jones' (No. 71) and Vennard's (No. 75) on the tree-covered slope. From practical use it is on lot No. 71 until it reaches the foot of the hill. It used to be the way from the Catholic church to the Catholic cemetery, and continued a little further before turning to the left and coming out of the woods to cross Lupine Road and the railway tracks. Across this road we climb a steep hill to the highest point in the woods, nearly as high as at Jones' barn. This we boys, for obvious reasons, called "huckleberry hill." Beyond it and to the left was an elliptical hollow. The ridge maintained its height pretty well to the left, fell off to a lower level at the right and opposite. In Miss Underhill's opinion and mine this must have been the amphitheatre in which Daniel Webster addressed the assembled multitude on November 9, 1843. (Phillips Academy Bulletin, April 1923, Vol. 23, No. 3) We must remember that in 1843 he would have detrained somewhere in back of the present library and gone down the "road to Boston," crossing the railroad tracks near where Chestnut Street now meets Central Street. He would have turned right into the woods west of Cooper's pond about where Marion Avenue now is. The last time I saw the place (1960), the tree that marked the top of "huckleberry hill" was on the verge of falling as the steam shovel leveled the hill.

If we follow the woods road, at the corner we find a hard smooth spot some six feet in diameter where, on a warm Sunday, we would have found perhaps ten young men shooting crap. Across Lupine Road were the Cross Coal Company scales and the little office presided over by Maria Fairweather. Here Marion Hill and I helped her weigh the wagons of coal after the men had filled them from the railroad cars on the siding. Across the tracks was the cemetery and to the left, between it and the river, a hill on the river side of which were crow-foot violets.

The railroad crosses the river on a stone-arch bridge, and where the stream is narrowed by the abutments it has dug a deeper channel. Here, I recall, the mill village boys were in the habit of diving from the rock level into the water some twenty feet below unimpeded by anything other than their "birthday suits."

If I look down on the upstream side, I see all that remains of the Andover Canoe Club, captained by Horace Hale Smith who lived in

the stucco house on the hillside across the road. The Club rented canoes and had cleared the river up to the Vale, which included digging a canal into Fomp's Pond. The clubhouse has long since passed but the hollow and foundations are still there. I hear that the canal has reverted to swamp and I fear that the river is again clogged and choked. No longer does a girl like to be courted to the quiet swish of a paddle but must have the thrill of going eighty even if they don't make the turn.

Continuing along Central Street, I'm soon opposite the granite graving trough for horses. Of solid stone five feet long and two feet thick, it stands about three feet high. There is a crack in the middle credited to some winter-slider's head-on collision - it makes a good story, anyway. At the right, at the junction of Reservation and Red Spring Roads, is the house which you know more recently as Chester Abbott's, but which I recall as the Cates'. I remember the day I fell down in the sandbox and Ruth had to walk me home up the hill. There is no one like Mother when a small boy has a hurt.

Next along Andover Street, I pass the Jimmy Jewett Abbott house and barn. Besides Mr. and Mrs. Abbott, I recall their three boys and three girls. You all know Chester and Elizabeth, now Mrs. J. Everett Collins. Lucy (Lulu) became a nurse. Josephine is Mrs. Varnum and lives in New Hampshire. The other boys were Jimmy (Bunny) and Paul.

Argilla Road used to turn off so close to the next old house that it barely cleared the wall and the corner of the house. It swung far enough to clear the massive elm tree but not enough to cross the brook. This is the Benjamin Abbott house built in 1835. Miss Mary Alive Abbott lived here with a Mexican friend and ran a tearoom. It was "on limits" for the Abbot Academy girls, providing a pleasant walk with an objective. Miss Abbott would also do baking on order and I can attest that it was good although she used old-fashioned recipes calling for "some of this and a little of that, seasoned to taste." At the junction of the two roads, I remember, there was a ford in the shallow brook where we drove the horse to cool his dusty feet in the summertime.

One can still follow the old location of Argilla Road by the trees as it ran close to the corner and by the front step of the next house. This is Sid White's ancestral laker place, which had, until Sid restored it in the 1930's, a large two-story ell at the back, extending as far as the present sheds. Always kept in better repair than the Benjamin Abbott place, it looked much newer but evidence unearthed during the restoration proved it ten years older or built in 1875. The barn burned in the 1930's, ignited spontaneously by damp new hay.

I turn and look at the place where Ben Jaques had his coal sheds next to the railroad tracks. Here I now see Sid's new ice cream stand and a fine "cow palace" for his herd. On the other side of the track I miss the many little drumlins, they having been sold off for the gravel and smoothed off to improve the field. Beyond the field, by the river, I see the birch trees - no, they must be the next generation - that I climbed and bent to the ground as I swung on them.

Back up Central Street now, having passed under the "Horn" bridge. This is purely a popular means of identifying the bridge, traffic engineers having painted a large "HORN" on the stone abutments as warning of the sharp and blind turn. Before my day the Hartwell Abbott bridge over the river was a flat stone arch, but I have known it only as an unimposing wooden-planked one. On the right I see Deacon Homer Foster's house with its big sunny living room and the fieldstone-bayed foundation. Back beyond the big barn, and nestled under the hillside, the old farmhouse just shows; in the distance, rows of long white hen houses and the fields of white chickens.

At the left, on the corner of Lupine Road, is Mrs. T. F. Pratt's house and barn, and beyond it her son Stanley's bungalow facing down the hill on Lupine Road. I also think of this as where Frank and Arline Petty started housekeeping after Stanley moved out to Chestnut Street. From Mrs. Pratt's stonewall beside the barn was wooded land and then a sandpit, nearly to the brow of the hill. Here was where the lubricated from Lawrence were likely to slow it off; it was also the gypsies' summer campground. Back on Henderson Avenue, about where No. 11 now is, would be where some of us had a dugout cabin of logs and brush, half in the ground and half above it. The tree house was located about where the avenue turns to Lupine Road.

The sandpit extended toward town at the back, but near the street in the curve was Cooper's Pond. It must have spread over lots Nos. 91 and 93. Mr. Kimball tells me that at the turn of the century it was not unattractive and was used by the local boys for hockey games. Being shallow, it froze early. In my day it was edged with scrub willow and half full of old tin cans and other trash. Bernice, our Polish maid, found it a good source of willow for her basketry. She made melon-shaped baskets of all sizes up to one-half bushel. The smaller were white of peeled shoots, heavier ones of unpeeled. Across the way, on the outside of the curve, was the Hitchcocks' double house. They occupied the west side, which included the barn; a family named Donaldson at one time had the east side. Later the Kimballs and the Sadlers had the place; and then a Dr. Lawyer, I believe. The sillstone and fence were added by the Arnolds.

Next on the right is the drive to the Weeks' house, with Clarence's near the street in the hollow. Clarence's father was a carpenter, and I think that between them they did most of their own building. On the left the bigger house was the Trotts', and next to it a small one where, before the Mayes', lived a colored man named Major and his white wife. Major was the janitor at the November Club and his only drawback was the bottle.

Between here and Vennards' was Charles Buchan's house and a good lot. Mr. Buchan ran the furniture store with Mr. Finckle and was also fire chief. I often heard him at night running "clomp-clomp-clomp" by the house in his heavy boots, answering the fire whistle. His son, Ed, held the same post after Emerson - I had left the neighborhood by that time - but he used a car.

Opposite Major's, Torr Avenue (sometimes called "Piccolo" Avenue for Torr's little dog) turns off around the Torr-Ward-Kidder-Brown lot to Phillips Street. But let us go completely around it to the

top of Central Street hill where, opposite No. 71, is the Ezra Abbot place. Extending from Fuller's hedge, lilac bushes border the sidewalk and conveniently supply many blooms for Spring Grove cemetery on Memorial Day. In the old Abbot house in my day lived Mrs. Abbot and her two daughters, Hattie and Caroline. Paying guests were not unwelcome and I recall one occasion especially when the Shipman family moved over there en masse, preparatory to going south - around 1917 that must have been. The gang, including Bart and "Wennie" Hayes from up on Phillips Street, and even Mary Shipman, played hide-and-seek around the place in the long summer evenings. Mrs. Shipman, who was never in robust health, sat in the summerhouse on the north lawn (which was goal) and passed out signals to the hiders. Back of the house, toward Fuller's, was the barn; the drive, or rather two wheel ruts, running toward Phillips Street. Wings, extending from each end of the house toward the back, formed a little patio at the center rear; behind that was a privy, still in use at that time. A straight walk from front door to sidewalk was flanked by two trees, and at its foot was a large elm in the middle of the tar walk which changed to dirt as it rounded the corner into Phillips Street, bordered by bushes and shaded by still another elm tree. Now we are opposite the Torr and Kiddy-Brown house in the crotch of the two streets.

Known as the Poor-Cogswell-Perry house, it is one of the show places of town. Also called "Elm Knoll," its beautiful big elms were not without drawbacks as they attracted squirrels who at one time invaded the house. Here I first met Alex Baldie, barn and yard man, and his wife-to-be, Elin Larsen, who was second girl for the two Miss Wards. Alex used to give me pictures of Ty Cobb and Man-of-War with others that came in his cigaret packages. I did not know the inside of this house as that of some others, but I recall that the Kidders, in doing some redecorating, stripped the wallpaper from the north rooms, front and back, upstairs and down, - also, I think, the lower hall - and found the plaster walls had been decorated by some itinerant artist.

I well remember, too, the wooden-cased pump halfway down the slope of Phillips Street, just within the stone wall and reached via stone steps over the wall. A rusty tin cup hung on the pump, and the water was always clear and cool. It was a regular stop for the icemen as they drove by from Pomp's Pond.

The brook between Torr Avenue and Abbot Street yielded no water as sweet and pure as that from the aforesaid pump, particularly after it caught the overflow from the sewer sump under the sidewalk at Phillips Street! This was corrected by the sewer line along Red Spring Road in 1922 or thereabouts. On the northwest corner of Abbot Street is where Percy Dove lived before he built the big place on South Main Street. You may recall his older boy as the concert singer, John Persaval. At the southwest corner a swinging iron gate admits us to a rustic walk strewn with pine needles. This was the "Old Railroad."



POSTSCRIPT

I started out to take this walk "with my memory," but as I look back I see that Mr. C. Carleton Kimball has accompanied me most of the way, that we have stopped and chatted with Mr. Chester Holland and Miss Marion Barnsworth at the National Bank, and with Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell Johnson by the Joseph Smith house. I appreciate the helpful suggestions of Mr. Henry Stevenson and Harold Johnson and their doing the "leg work" that I cannot. I am indebted to my cousin, Mrs. Mary D. Bennett, and my wife, Alice, for their proofing and edit work.

If I were to return like Rip Van Winkle, after fifty years' absence, and took this walk, there would be little to tell me that I was back in Andover. The churches - the Library - a couple of town offices - and the fire department are still doing the same business at the same stands, but they are under different leadership. The Andover Savings Bank is in a building by itself; Dress Coal and Heart and Flag have moved; the Bookstore is now just that and not a stationery store; Elander and Swanton are in the clothing business and at the site of Carl Elander's haberdashery, but Carl is connected with it only in name.

I ring doorbells along my walk in an attempt to find someone I know, but only five do I find - in this the old settled part of town - Miriam Sweeney (McArdle), Edith Kendall, Mrs. Hussy, Sue Smith (Purdon), and Sid White in their respective places. Radford Abbot is at the Ezra Abbot house.

Few of the houses but have an ell added or removed, a garage tacked on or built in the yard. A dozen or so houses I miss, some gone entirely, some moved. I find four new streets and about forty new houses. So has this "staid old New England town" changed as it has increased in population from seven to fifteen thousand in fifty years.



Fig. 1



Fig. 2



Fig. 3

Fig. 4

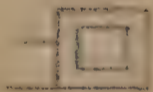


Fig. 5



Fig. 6

Some Things You Have Seen, -
And, Some You Have Not

The "Lemon Squeezer" cast iron posts that blocked the crescent walk to the Memorial Hall Library are gone. I remember similar ones across the Elm Arch walkway where it ended at Chapel Avenue. They were probably to prevent horse-and-wagon use of the walk.

Square granite posts like those at each side of the crescent walk at the sidewalk line were common, and had various uses. They marched up the curb line of Main Street, as the parking meters do now, as hitching posts for horses. One acted as anchor post for the wide driveway gate at No. 97 Main Street before the present fence was built. You can find one at the sidewalk's edge between Nos. 63 and 65 Central Street.

Two larger ones still stand in front of the Town Hall.

Smaller ones terminate the low curb edging the Caronel Apartments lawn on Main Street.

There was a low heavy wood fence on Main and Chestnut Streets where the Savings Bank now stands. It had a boxed base, big bulbous balusters topped by a broad boxed rail. It extended from the brook on Main Street around the corner to about the easterly lot line of No. 12 with two openings for the curved drive. A high solid board fence extended by the garden to No. 6 Chestnut Street.

A popular fence of acorn-topped posts and three heavy board rails edged the Tyer property at the south corner of Chestnut and Central Streets.

Some things you have seen, -
and, some you have not

The "known unknown" can't from points
that blocked the ancient wall to the
modern half library and tower. I remember
after a long search the film arch railway
where it ended at Chapel Avenue. They were
probably to prevent horse-and-carriage use of
the wall.

There are quite a few like those at
each side of the ancient wall at the side-
with line were common, and had various uses.
They ran up the side line of main street,
at the parking meters do now, at the
house for horses. One ended at another post
for the wide driveway gate at No. 17. This
street before the present fence was built.
You can find one at the Alderman's house
between No. 43 and No. 45, Central Avenue.

The larger one still stands in front
of the house.

Another one terminates the low curb
along the General Assembly's front on
the street.

There was a low heavy wood fence on
the main and General's streets where the railway
went over a tunnel. It was a stone wall, six
feet high, topped by a broad stone
rail. It extended from the front of
the tunnel across the street to about the
middle of the line of No. 17. It was
opening for the tunnel drive. A high
solid fence fence extended by the garden
to No. 45, Central Avenue.

A popular legend of a stone-arched house
and a very heavy wood rail along the top
corner of the main corner of the street
and General's street.

Fig. 7



Fig 8

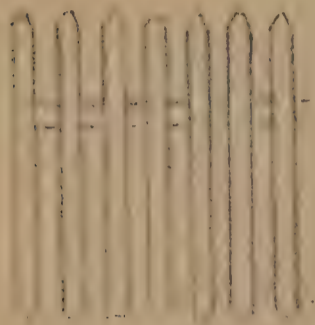


Fig 9



Fig 10

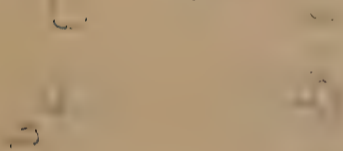


Fig 11



Ribbon wire fences filled in in many places. I recall it in front of the arbor-vitae hedge by the hay field between No. 42 and No. 46 Central Street. Also in front of No. 68. Three strands high and with ribbons wide enough not to cut you, they soon sagged, as they made a good swing for small boys.

George Abbot's picket fence by the field next to No. 64 suffered from boys dragging sticks across it, but the one north of the house escaped most of the assault. The fence extended only to the end of the stonewall at first.

The fence at Nos. 57 and 59 was on the off side of the street and was not so abused, but the gate posts at the drive to No. 59 suffered when the girls started to drive the car.

The drop into the field between Nos. 59 and 65 was protected only by a 4 x 4 beam set diagonally on Y-shaped $\frac{1}{2}$ " iron rods. It was not for some years that the wire mesh was added below it.

Along here by the elm tree and the hydrant was the inverted L standpipe to fill the watering cart. The last of these still standing you will find on Park Street near Whittier Street about one hundred feet west on the south side.

18 Cheever Circle
Andover, Massachusetts
September 3, 1961

My dear Dorothy,

Attached is a copy of our 'masterpiece'. I am very much pleased with your illustrations but not with the reproductions. As you know, I have to do business messenger and by not in person. I am not familiar with this process and I'm afraid I took the cheaper price. The next bid was about ten times as much. I guess I got only what I paid for; CHEAP. However I certainly appreciate your work and have filed your drawing with the Historical Society where ~~they~~ will be available for better reproduction if demand warrants. Don't think that I do not know and appreciate what nice work you have done.

I hope you enjoy reading my part of the story. I started it some ten years ago at Miss Underhill's request.

I wonder if you would take this copy and present it to Miss Putnam, for the library, with OUR compliments,-- to be on loan or what ever she thinks advisable. I am FILING the original copy at #97. They will also end up with a couple of carbon copies to circulate.

Thanks again for your assistance, and only regret the poor reproduction.

Yours sincerely,

F. Tyler Carlton

1871

The first of the year was a very dry one, and the crops were much injured by the drought. The weather was very hot, and the ground was very dry. The crops were much injured by the drought, and the weather was very hot. The ground was very dry, and the crops were much injured by the drought.

The second of the year was a very wet one, and the crops were much injured by the rain. The weather was very cold, and the ground was very wet. The crops were much injured by the rain, and the weather was very cold. The ground was very wet, and the crops were much injured by the rain.

The third of the year was a very dry one, and the crops were much injured by the drought. The weather was very hot, and the ground was very dry. The crops were much injured by the drought, and the weather was very hot. The ground was very dry, and the crops were much injured by the drought.

Memorial Hall Library

Andover, Massachusetts

Miss Goldsmith remembers somewhat differently and makes these comments, December 1961, on Tyler Carlton's paper. (in subjective judgments, the reader can take his choice. MP)

Winthrop Pierce(not William)

Bill Poland (not Pollard)
Poland

Slicky Barnard (Jacob Warren Barnard)
Grandfather, not father of Foster and Shirley Barnard)
Had two children:
Henry, father of Foster and Shirley
Gertrude, Mother of Philip Bergstrom

Kate and Elizabeth Swift were cousins not sisters of George Swift

Posts across entrance to Library were to keep cows out

Railroad station- Movie house is the Railroad station- not torn down

Questions that freight house was across the street. Her recollection is that it was next to Hardy and Cole- loading platform for freight

Sally Ripley Cutler(a name that Tyler Carlton could not recall)

Main Street

Grade as it is probably when Essex TurnPike laid out
Side walk(where Barnard Arms is now) level with lawns-
looked down two or three feet to roadway
Street railway supposed to pay a franchise
Her father at time Selectman- Bay State Street Railway
lowered sidewalks and built stone wall in exchange for franchise

Daniel Webster's address

Natural amphitheatre in back and to the West of the
B.F. Smith place

First Moving Picture Theatre

Feels description "den of iniquity" not fair. She never heard a word against place. Arthur Bliss played snare drum, Ella Barton, piano.

I have thought of another thing Tyler had wrong.
Mr. Swamey was a blacksmith. He married Miss Roach &
they at first lived in her home - the old house very ref
Charlton street. The one that has the magnificent view.
They thought they were very smart to sell it and build
on Central street - which Miss an greatly regrets. I think
he had his shop + forge on Central street before they built the
present house. I think he ended up as a moral man
carver - never - postmaster

Bessie S. Goldsmith

Minam (Mc) Ardle can confirm my statements.

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**MEMORIAL HALL
LIBRARY**

Andover, Massachusetts
475-6960

